

**TITLE:** Lessons Applied: A Succumb/The End Justifies the Means Vignette

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**PAIRINGS:** Anakin and Padme

**DATE:** Summer 2003

**SUMMARY:** This is a vignette/ficlet based on events from my two fics - 'Succumb' and 'The End Justifies the Means'. If you haven't read either of them, it's suggested you do so before reading this. But I suppose it could be read alone. This is Padme's POV of what takes place the night of the communications room 'incident' from 'The End Justifies the Means.' Or - their brief 'honeymoon' time on Naboo before Anakin has to return to Coruscant.

**TIME PERIOD:** Right after AOTC

**TYPE:** Romance, erotica, sex, angst.

**RATING:** NC-17.

**WARNINGS:** This is their honeymoon - what do you THINK happens? You have been warned!

**DISCLAIMER:** I'm just a simple woman trying to make my way in the universe. I intend no infringement on the Lucasfilm characters, situations, or storylines. I'm making absolutely NO money off of this so suing would really be pointless, George dear. This rendering is merely for the titillation of rabid Star Wars fans like me who have WAY too much time on their hands. Bless us one and all.

**CRITIQUE:** Constructive criticism and comments welcomed - I'll hear whatever you have to say. Please respond to [kellyb701@hotmail.com](mailto:kellyb701@hotmail.com)

**ARCHIVE:** Sure, just let me know where so I can visit.

**NOTE:** Force thoughts (if any) are designated by: //thought//. Normal thoughts are designated by: . Direct lines from AOTC and TPM (movie or novel) appear in italics.

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**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** Due to a site crash here at AFF.Net awhile back there were formatting problems with many of the fics. This resulted in some major typos and sometimes even missing chapters from stories. When you edit a story at this site it automatically bumps the story to the first page. I am NOT adding anything new; I am just correcting formatting problems. I apologize for any confusion and for bumping the story to the first page (7/21/05)

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*"Your eyes speak secrets,  
Stroking flames of desire  
My mind reels flying higher and higher  
I surrendered and lost all control  
As you reached out, awakened my soul."*

## ***Kimberly Campbell***

How does he manage it? He only has to look at me and I want him so badly I find it impossible to draw the air necessary to breathe. Under his hot, devouring gaze my stomach muscles clench so hard I am forced to wrap an arm around my middle to keep myself from visibly flinching. Those cobalt blue eyes that burn with a passion that surely cannot be healthy but with which I can no longer do without. When I am with him I am alive. When I am away from him, I cannot function as I once did.

We have been married for just two days and I know already that without him in my life, I would shrivel away into nothing. It's a frightening thought for someone who was always so independent, so cool and detached from all but her family and closest friends. When did I become the type of woman who lets love and desire rule her instead of her head? It is a ridiculous question for I know the answer. The memory is engraved in my mind for eternity. It was the moment he looked at me for the first time in ten years and stripped away all my defenses with that crooked smile and smoldering gaze.

No one realizes except me that his boyish demeanor is a faade. He is always charming when in company but the innocently bumbling young man who stumbled over his sweetly awkward greeting is not the same Anakin who plotted and maneuvered to get me alone. Nor is it the same man who looks at me as if he wants to consume my very soul.

For awhile he maintained the pretence - for the most part. He made an effort to keep up the front, only allowing me to see flashes here and there of how he deeply he felt about me. Sometimes it was on purpose, sometimes it was because his control slipped. But after that day in the meadow, and despite what I told him days later in front of the fire, he gave up the sham entirely. He had no need to hide it from the Lars and it was there that it had all come to a head. Anakin was the hunter and I was the prey and he no longer danced attendance to any other role.

How does he do it? How does he whisper things in my head, in my ear, against my skin - seductive words that make me want to do things I never knew I wanted? At times I feel as if I am under some type of spell or under the influence of some pleasure drug. But I know it is not true. Anakin is the drug, Anakin is the spell. And I am completely and hopelessly under his thrall.

I contemplated all that and more as I waited for him to come to me. The dinner dishes had been cleared and the staff had long since disappeared. We had played out the charade of protector and senator for the benefit of our infrequent audience; practice for the weeks, months, years to come. Now it was only a matter of time before Anakin came and took me in his arms; only a matter of time before he sent my senses reeling and my body buzzing with passion's energy.

The old fashioned chrono ticked the minutes away, each sound echoing the violent beat of my heart against my rib cage. What happened earlier in the day had shocked me. I had heard about that particular act from a few of my handmaidens once I reached the age of majority. Whispers and laughter accompanied the imparted information and my stunned face had only amused them further. I never thought I would want to do that to a man. But Anakin made me want to. Anakin made me want so many things. Anakin's touch, his scent, his look churned my desires until they raged in my blood and beneath my skin. He knows so well how to work my own body

against me.

Earlier in the communications room he had been like any other twenty year old male bored out of his mind. The impatient sighs, the rather disgraceful way he had sprawled on the floor and marked the wall with the heels of his boots, and the way he'd repeatedly tried to levitate my chair despite the fact that I was still seated in it, were all signs he had some growing up to do - just as Obi Wan had said. But Anakin did not want to hear that, especially from me.

He was the holograph image of the innocent golden haired boy with the bright blue eyes - and a bored yawn. The innocent illusion had all but vanished in the seconds it took for me to close the HoloNet and cross the room to him.

Soft whispers.

The taste of his skin.

The touch of his fingers tracing my lips.

His need pressing into my belly.

Anakin was once more the seducer, the master of my awakened passion and love. He held the key to what made me tick and he will never relinquish it. It's daunting being loved and hungered for with such possessiveness and need. At times it is hard to believe it is the same ten year old boy I met on Tatooine who now delights in doing such shocking and delicious things to me. When he holds me in his arms, when he moves inside me, when he kisses me in the most intimate of ways, I feel our roles have reversed. It is I who feels barely out of my adolescence. Four years and a lifetime of experiences separate us but somehow, he is the elder of us both.

A soft footfall alerted me to his presence a split second before I 'felt' him enter the room. He told me that hypersensitivity to each other came with the bond we had forged. Or rather, it came with the bond he had established before I had ever known about it, before I had a chance to agree or disagree. But there was no disagreeing with Anakin on certain matters. We were both stubborn but he held me in the palm of his hand. I am afraid one day he might crush me - intentional or not.

I did not turn to look at him. Instead I sat at the foot of my bed with my feet dangling above the soft rug surrounding the antique piece of furniture. With my eyes closed, I listened to the padding of his feet against the smooth stone and the cool breeze whispering through the long curtains by the balcony door. In my mind's eye I saw them billowing gently beneath the full moon while Anakin sauntered closer and closer.

A shiver of anticipation ran through me. The touch of his eyes on my back felt like soothing fingers caressing me softly through the silky material of my nightgown. I said his name on a sigh before I knew I was going to.

He made me want so many things.

Behind me I felt the mattress depress beneath the weight of Anakin's body as he climbed onto the high bed. The tiny hairs on the back of my neck prickled as I imagined the way he looked, slinking across the bed towards me, his rapacious stare fastened on my solitary figure. I knew without having to turn around that his blue eyes were slumberous with passion, his face serious

and intent as he approached his goal. Just that image alone made my limbs go heavy, made my stomach quake in excitement. Between my legs the first trickle of liquid heat escaped my readying body.

I clenched my hands in my lap to hide the telltale shaking. It was incomprehensible to me how I could still be so nervous when we had been together so many times now. But as his lips brushed my shoulder, as his warm breath feathered across my skin, I was as skittish as any virgin.

Anakin slid his long, lanky legs around either side of mine, surrounding me with his male scent and warmth of his body. A quick jerk pulled me back against his lean frame and I wondered why he had waited so long. Insistent, determined hands slipped around my waist and up my ribcage to just brush the undersides of my breasts. I relaxed back against the sleek wall of his barred chest, resting my head on his shoulder as I waited for whatever was to come next.

Firm, warm lips nuzzled me, painstakingly moving up the column of my throat as I arched my neck further to give him better access. At the same time his hands stopped their teasing flirtation and at last cupped my breasts through the fabric. I sighed with pleasure as his thumb and forefinger began their gentle pulling and twisting at my rapidly firming nipples. I said his name again. The breath it came out on was part sigh and part whimper and I was immediately silenced with a soft 'sssh' in my ear.

"No words." He breathed against my neck as his hands began to fondle me in earnest, weighing and squeezing my breasts in slow, careful movements. The friction of his palms against the material of my nightgown rubbed my pebbled nipples into hard peaks that became almost too sensitive to be touched. My fingers dug into the pant clad thighs cradling my hips and I gasped as Anakin used his teeth and tongue with sensual precision.

The hot, moist breath caressing me was punctuated by licks, open mouthed kisses and sharp nips against my flesh. The heat of arousal sent my nails digging into his strong, taut thighs. Anakin's response was a low growl that rumbled in his chest, reverberating through my body. When his teeth sinking deeper into my neck I cried out as liquid fire shot through me. The pleasure-pain forced my body to try and surge forward but he tightened his hold, keeping me snugly in place with his two hard hands. While his wicked tongue licked at the broken flesh gently, I desperately gulped air into my lungs and tried to slow the pounding of my heart.

It was never the same with Anakin. Yet no matter how differently he played my body, it was always intense, passionate and breathtaking.

With his lips still latched onto my neck, Anakin ever so slowly inched us backwards using the Force to aid him in his endeavor. When we were past the middle of the bed he sank back onto the mattress with me still atop of him, my back still pressed to his muscled chest. I could feel his bulge against my backside and I wondered how long I would have to wait before he was moving inside me. The wanton thought brought a blush to my cheeks that would have pleased Anakin could he have seen it.

I moved restlessly. The desire to see his face, to taste his clean skin was not being satisfied in the position we were holding. I raised an arm up, curving it so my fingers could thread through his short blond hair. My other arm, restricted by his, only had enough movement for my hand to knead the firm, tanned flesh just above his waistband. It was not enough. I needed more. He made me want more.

The metal hand left my breast to travel downwards. I could feel the cool, smooth metal glide down my torso and over the flat plane of my stomach as Anakin headed for his ultimate destination. Centimeter by centimeter the hem of my nightgown moved up, the fabric whispering over my skin in a sensuous caress, until I was bare from the waist down. His knees suddenly juttied up, separating mine with ease. He grunted in my ear in satisfaction when he spread his legs wide, causing mine to widen even further. It took him less than five seconds to maneuver me into that vulnerable position, baring me to the room, baring me to his touch.

Staggered breaths giving away his growing arousal warmed my ear, driving me insane with my own want. I squirmed against him and a whimper escaped me. I wanted so badly to say his name but I was afraid how long he would make me wait if I should break the rules he had set. Sexual torture was something else that he was quite adept at. And he was not reticent about using his skills in that arena.

Anakin's hands traded places, passing each other as they slid along my body. Sharp teeth nipped at my earlobe as one long finger slid down to brush against that sensitive nub at the apex of my thighs. Again my body reflexively bowed but the metal hand splayed across my abdomen kept me from moving more than a centimeter.

Already the coil inside was winding tighter and tighter and he had barely touched me. I bit my lip to stifle the instinctive begging words. Up and down he stroked his fingers, his thumb circling and teasing me. My chest heaved as if I had run a long distance and the sound of my labored breathing mixed with the slick desire Anakin was coaxing so freely from my body.

In the end all it took was the feel of Anakin's tongue sliding into my ear at the same time his fingers slipped inside me. One, two, three hard thrusts and I was sent soaring skyward. I thrashed against the tight hold he kept around my middle, my head flinging backwards until the crown touched the mattress, and I cried out incoherently - remembering to the last that there were to be no words.

Spots of bright light sparked and then faded as I lay panting, glued to Anakin with the sweat of desire and my excitement. I had barely a minute to float back down before Anakin was stripping my nightgown over my head. The contrast of the warmth of his body at my back and the cool air kissing the naked flesh of my breasts and abdomen made me shiver. Instantly, Anakin lifted me up, moving me to lay lengthwise with my head resting on one of the plump pillows. Blanketing my still chilled body with his, he supported the brunt of his weight on forearms pressed into the mattress on either side of me.

Deep blue eyes bore into mine. The light of a thousand candles shone down at me. A hand still damp and stained with my scent stroked my cheek and brow tenderly.

"I love to feel you shatter in my arms." He murmured, dipping down for a soft, lingering kiss, knowing full well that his frankness disconcerted me.

Crimson stained my cheeks when he guided my hand down to lay flat against the wide damp patch that was spread across the front of his pants. I snatched my hand away quickly knowing I was responsible. A chuckle came from him, one of male satisfaction, arrogance and pride. I couldn't meet his eyes after that and I turned my head away to watch the blossoming vines sway and dance in the breeze from the lake. And as I knew he would, Anakin tilted my chin back towards him firmly, bringing me face to face with him once more.

"Yi ne'ele iamu ettay." Those ancient words I did not understand purred against my flesh as he nuzzled his cheek against me. The haunting rumble of alien syllables spiraled themselves downward into my belly, spreading their warmth to my core. Heat wended its way through my limbs like a potent drug. "Qi tay le n'ialla, Padme. So neya su'ett."

Anakin lifted himself up so that he was straddling me. That crooked smile of his was curling his lips when he took possession of my hands and drew them over my head. He placed them against the thick carved spindles of the headboard, his fingers guiding mine to wrap around the wooden slats. A slow squeeze indicated I was to hold on.

Above me, the smooth expanse of Anakin's chest hovered. Tasting his skin suddenly seemed the only thing I wanted to do. I lifted my head and ran my tongue along the warm, satiny surface. I savored the faint tang of clean sweat and that unique flavor that was just...Anakin. I used my teeth and lips to nip and kiss my way across his chest while his hands tightened almost painfully around mine, pressing my flesh into the wooden ridges carved into the wood to reflect the flora and fauna of Naboo. I reveled in the helpless sounds that were escaping him as I twirled my tongue around one nipple before sucking it into my mouth, mimicking what he did to me.

I could hear his labored breathing grow desperate and I could feel his hardness jump and twitch against my belly. A loud groan vibrated in his throat and then he moved down abruptly, breaking the hold of my mouth. Anakin's voice was breathless and hard as he stared down at me, trying to regain his composure, his control. As usual, his slip made him cruder in language and tone.

"Don't let go, Padme." Eyes riveted on mine, he dipped one hand behind him to run a finger between my thighs. I had seen him do it before but the sight still stunned me. Anakin nonchalantly sucked the glistening digit into his mouth and closed his eyes to savor it. "Your come is so sweet, I could taste you all night."

I must have made a noise of protest at that too-erotic sight and those crass words for his eyes opened with lazy sensuality to regard me with an almost malicious satisfaction.

"Don't worry, milady. Your turn will be soon." He leaned back down until his lips were mere centimeters from mine. "I won't pull away this time when you're sucking my cock."

The vulgar expression was one too many. I released my hold on one spindle and clamped it over his mouth, my eyes blazing. I would not be spoken to like some whore. Immediately, my hand was ripped away and roughly forced back to its original position.

The embarrassed anger that coursed through me should have killed any desire I was feeling but to my complete horror, my arousal only seemed to increase. Shame trickled into my stomach and sucked the breath from my lungs. Or perhaps it wasn't shame.

Anakin's blue eyes glared down at me. I was usurping his authority and that dark, obsessive streak that I both loved and hated came roaring to the forefront.

"I'm sorry, milady. Does hearing the truth offend you?" Anakin's voice was thick with sarcasm and as smooth as heavy cream.

"The way you speak to me offends me." I replied in a shaking voice. It shook with desire though,

not fear or anger.

A harsh laugh shook him. "Liar. You love the things I say, just as much as you love the things I do."

I stared back at him mutely, aware there was nothing I could say in response because he spoke the truth. In theory, I may not have liked the indecent bedroom talk in which Anakin excelled but I could not deny the way my body reacted to it. As I said, he had a way of making me want things I never knew I craved. But I was not going to say that out loud, not when my body screamed it loud enough for him to hear anyway. Plausible deniability is what they call my refusal to speak and confirm those taunting words.

"Nothing to say?" Anakin queried with that familiar smirk. "No words of debate?"

"Anakin..." I whispered with a note of pleading in my tone.

He must have seen something in my expression, the hurt love lurking in my eyes, because he backed off a bit. I could see the shift of attitude as his face lost that look of annoyance and the tight lines of his mouth relaxed. He ducked his head and sighed heavily before looking back up. No apology came but then I had not really expected one. I was learning.

Anakin turned the charm on high. Burying his irritation under layers of practiced honeyed words.

"I want to make you feel good. I want to please you, Padme." He murmured, placing soft kisses at my breast and neck. "We can please each other in so many ways."

The familiar tremor of lust shuddered through my body at his low, seductive tone. His matter of fact attitude about all the intimate acts we had done and would do turned my insides into liquid. In a heartbeat, my unease and anger bled away leaving my body on fire with need.

Gods, he could make me feel everything.

My grip on the headboard tightened as Anakin made his way down my body. His hands and mouth were everywhere at once, touching, tasting, kissing, caressing. By the time he reached the damp patch of curls, electricity was zinging along every nerve ending I possessed.

I raised my head up slightly as Anakin began licking my inner thighs with obvious enjoyment. The combination of the sounds and the feeling of his tongue rasping over my flesh just made the liquid heat flow. A fact that drew an appreciative growl from him and low mewling cries from me. Anakin's heated breath warmed me as he moved higher and my body bowed in anticipation. The sound of Anakin mindspeaking to me caused my breath to catch in the back of my throat.

//No matter what, don't...let...go//

The spiky blond head rose up until just his deep blue eyes were visible. They sparked with that primal hunger that always frightened me, the same look that had made me fight him for so long. Yet it thrilled me in a way that I knew deep down must be wrong.

"If you let go, I'm going to keep you on the edge all night." He placed a kiss against my thigh, never letting our locked gazes slip. "Do you understand what I'm saying?"

All I could do was nod my head weakly in acknowledgement. He would do just as he threatened and in doing so; reduce me to a quivering mess. No one was going to do that to Padme Naberrie Amidala Skywalker. Then all other thoughts exploded in my head as Anakin's tongue and fingers began to work in tandem to drag me forward and throw me over the summit.

He used his skills without mercy. Long licks, torturous periods of time spent sucking, and stroking that sensitive nub. His fingers toyed and circled, working their way inside me but never letting me find the release that I was crying out for.

The raised relief decorating the headboard dug permanent grooves into my hands as I held on for dear life. My entire body glistened from the exertion. Repeatedly, I arched my neck and back, every muscle in my body tightened and then relaxed for the barest of seconds, only to contract violently again. I lost count of the times this happened. It all seemed one continuous loop of mindless pleasure and taunting torment.

Every word of Basic failed me. A confused jumble of Nubian spilled from me as I begged and pleaded for him to let me fall. Anakin suddenly grabbed me around my thighs, pulling me even tighter to his face. The cords in my arms strained and stretched from the tension of maintaining their hold. I could hear and feel his heavy breaths and his grunts as he devoured me.

This was not like our wedding night when he had sweetly and gently initiated me in this act of love and lust. There was no tender leading towards ultimate culmination. No, this was carnal, animalistic, and primitive. Deep inside I once more felt the coils begin their delicious winding, felt the pressure building to an unbearable level.

//Padme//

The voice echoed in my head at the same time his tongue pierced me again and again. The scream that worked its way from me ripped through the stillness of the night, blocking out the sound of the wind through the leaves and even Anakin's groans as he gulped me down as if I were a fountain in the desert.

The sheets were a twisted, damp mess beneath me as I writhed, riding the crashing waves of release. The pleasure was so intense my vision tunneled and for a few moments I couldn't see anything except two cobalt eyes glowing like unholy embers. My body continued to quake with the aftershocks as Anakin finally raised his head and climbed up my body.

Evidence of my excitement glistened on his face and my inner muscles contracted sharply for the last time. He trailed his lips up my body and then captured my mouth in a searing kiss. My taste was in his mouth and I stiffened, not sure what to make of that turn of events. But in the end I pushed aside the knowledge and kissed him back. What else could I do? Anakin would not be denied. There would be time enough to think about it all later. It was always that way with him. Time was needed to assimilate and accept the things he did and said.

I never noticed I was still holding on to the headboard as if my life depended on it, and perhaps it did. I could not imagine an entire night of being balanced on the edge but never allowed to fall. It was not until Anakin reached up and gently pried my fingers away that I realized I was still obeying his command. His expression darkened swiftly as he looked at my palms. Puzzled, I looked down and my eyes widened in surprise. Though worn with age, some parts of the carvings still retained a sharp enough edge to break the skin and draw blood.



In the time it took my eyes to meet his, Anakin had gone through another of his transformations. The boyish man was back. He looked as horrified as he had done when he had traced the healing scratches from the Nexu. With a whispered apology he brought each palm in turn to his mouth and used his tongue to sooth the angry red marks, licking up what little blood was actually there.

My reassurances that I was fine did not deter him and it was not until he had attended to both palms that he would meet my eyes again. He reached out and seized my face between his hands, pressing his forehead to mine.

"Tell me how to make amends." There was the faintest hint of tears in his voice that dug into my heart.

Winding my fingers into his hair, twirling his Padawan braid around one finger, I pressed my lips to his.

"I want to please you now." I whispered.

A violent shudder ran through his body and then he shook his head no. The kiss that followed was soft and sweetly tentative. It spoke of love and adoration, goodness and light. But when he drew back, I had not changed my mind and I repeated my request.

The cool fingers of his metal hands brushed back the damp hair from my face.

"You don't have to, Padme." He took a deep breath. "Sometimes I get carried away. It's just that I love you so much and I..."

Now it was I who shushed him with a finger to his lips.

"I want to." I watched him through my lowered lashes as my hands traveled slowly down between our bodies. My fingernails trailed down his chest and over the flat plane of his abdomen. I slipped my hands under his waistband and finally down to his manhood. Anakin's breath went from normal to jagged in seconds as I stroked him just as he had shown me. When I circled him with my thumb he let out a yelp and then his hand shot down to still mine.

"I can't take both, not tonight, not now." He hissed through clenched teeth. A shaky breath blew from his mouth as he concentrated on controlling the physical results of my hands wrapped around him. "If you want to please me, take me in your mouth."

Anakin held my gaze, his eyes having changed from remorseful back to excited. I hesitated as all my nervousness and insecurities came flooding back. Any confidence I had possessed and displayed began to melt away. And as always, Anakin read me as easily as a holo map. He knew what I needed.

Lips brushed against my ear. "Now, Padme. Do it now." The last word was forceful and commanding and damn him, it made me want to do anything for him.

Anakin rolled off of me and onto his back. I pushed myself up on my elbows and shot him a veiled look. His eyes were closed and I knew he was using a Jedi calming technique to delay his release. My gaze flickered over his naked chest and down to his sleep pants. He was

expecting me to undress him as I had earlier that day in the communications room. But he had been standing then, my traitorous mind whispered. This was different. I did not know why, I just knew it was. It was scatterbrained reasoning and I was well aware of it.

Finally, I moved, taking the same position that Anakin had done with me. I straddled his thighs as I lightly caressed the skin above his waistband. I loved the feel of Anakin. He radiated warmth beneath my fingertips and his skin was like silk stretched over granite. A sigh of pure pleasure rose from me as I traced the lines of bone and muscle, forgetting for a moment what my intended purpose was.

Beneath me, Anakin's thigh muscles shifted, bringing me out of my admiration of the body before me. I hooked my fingers around the waistband and tugged downwards. The loose material was baggy and easy to remove, much simpler than the leggings and belt had been. I could not decide if that was good or bad.

The material slid down over his narrow hips, and I averted my gaze even though I should not have been so shy after that afternoon. I looked back only when I could concentrate on the view of his hard thighs that tapered gracefully down to taut calves and rather large feet. And suddenly, the pants were off and I was left kneeling by a naked and aroused Jedi. Anakin Skywalker, my protector - my husband.

I risked a glance towards him and like a bird in a snare, I was caught. Those incredible eyes of his looked back at me with that same ardent passion which had so upset me upon our first meeting in ten years. Hungry, longing, possessive, loving.

Obsessive.

I did not like that vulnerable feeling his look inspired.

Anakin leaned back against the headboard, ignoring the bite of the carved spindles, his hands resting deceptively casual at his sides. Gathering my courage, I moved up his body to crouch at his side. Tentatively, I reached out and my hand closed around his hardened length. Anakin moaned and his hands grasped at the sheets.

The feel of him was incredible. Both soft and hard. Stiff but pulsing. Beneath my touch he swelled even more and I obeyed Anakin's gruff, strangled demand to use my mouth. I bent down to swirl my tongue around the head, licking the area like it was a candy treat. My hair trailed over his thighs and stomach, creating a cascading curtain from which I could hide behind. Holding him steady, I widened my mouth and engulfed him as far as I could manage. I could taste him then, salt, skin, and something intrinsically male.

Experimentally I let my tongue glide up the underside as I moved back up and Anakin's hips jerked in response. More confident, I slipped back down, using my tongue and teeth as he had taught me. The sound of his voice jarred me.

"Pull your hair back, I can't see you." Anakin rasped between pants.

I pulled it aside with an irritated sweep and then resumed what I had been doing. But seconds later it was falling forward again. Anakin solved the problem himself.

A hand came up to tangle in my hair, serving the dual purpose of freeing my face to his greedy

eyes and guiding me into a slow, hypnotic rhythm. Every downward stroke brought more and more of him into me. I sucked harder, hollowing my cheeks as I changed pressure and grip. I was aware of Anakin's harried breathing, the slick sound my mouth made as I took him in, and the unintelligible grunts and moans sounding in my ears.

Anakin's hips began to come up more forcefully from the bed and the hand at the back of my head tightened painfully. I did not care. The sense that I was worshiping my husband with my mouth, pleasuring him in much the same way as he had done for me, was overwhelmingly and unexpectedly erotic.

The words that tumbled from him excited me in a way that made me slightly uneasy. The vulgar directions and encouragement made my thighs slippery and my breasts ache for his touch.

"Oh gods, yes, like that. Don't stop..." The desperate litany continued as I felt him swell against my tongue, my head bobbing up and down.

My free hand smoothed over the planes of his chest to caress the damp flesh before skimming back down to lie with my fingers splayed on his tight abdomen. I pulled up, my lips just touching him and raised my eyes to his in sultry invitation. Blue eyes blazing with heat fixated on mine and I paused for the barest of moments before sinking down with a moan of my own to take him completely in. It was all he needed.

Anakin cried out my name and then hot, salty liquid filled my mouth and throat. I swallowed as fast as I could as he pulsed and twitched repeatedly against my tongue. I continued moving up and down as his seed continued to spill. His groans grew louder and his grip in my hair tighter as he found release after release.

"Suck me down, Padme...suck me." Anakin moaned.

Those words acted as my own release.

Throughout my attentions to Anakin, I had been only marginally aware that I had been clenching and unclenching my thighs in a rhythmic manner. The friction created followed the same pace I set with my mouth and hand. Gradually, the pleasurable pressure had built itself back up inside of me. At the sound of his voice saying those words, ripples shot through me like blaster fire and the wetness flowed from between my thighs.

I struggled to maintain the tempo with Anakin as my body was swamped with small explosions and spasms. And then it was over. With a last draw, I let him slip from between my lips and I collapsed with my head on his heaving chest.

I was not allowed to rest.

Anakin pulled me up so our faces were level.

"You tasted yourself, now I'll taste myself from your lips." He said hoarsely and then his mouth closed over mine.

Only when he had caressed every inch of my mouth did he relent and finally allow us both to rest.

Anakin.

I married him in spite of everything.

**The End**

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Feedback very much appreciated.